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MY HERMITAGE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANNAN READ.

Within a wood, one summer's day,
And in a hollow, ancient trunk,
I shut me from the world away,
To live as lives a hermit monk.

My cell was a ghostly sycamore,
The roots and limbs were dead with age;
Decay had carved the gothic door
Which looked into my hermitage.

My library was large and full,
Where, ever as a hermit plods,
I read until my eyes were dull
With tears; for all those tomes were God's.

The vine that at my doorway swung
Had verses writ on every leaf,
The very songs the bright bees sung
In honey seeking visits brief—

Not brief—though each stayed never long—
So rapidly they came and went
No pause was left in all their song,
For while they borrowed still they lent.

All day the woodland minstrels sang—
Small feet were in the leaves astir—
And often o'er my doorway rang
The tap of a blue winged visiter.

Afar the stately river swayed,
And poured itself in giant swells,
While here the brooklet danced and played,
And gayly rung its liquid bells.

The springs gave me their crystal flood,
And my contentment made it wing—
And oft I found what kindly food
Grew on the world-forgotten vine.

The moss, or weeds, or running flower,
Too humble in their hope to climb,
Had in themselves the lovely power
To make me happier for the time.

And when the starry night came by,
And stooping looked into my cell,
Then all between the earth and sky
Was circled in a holier spell.

A height, and depth, and breadth sublime
O'erspread the scene, and reached the stars
Until Eternity and Time
Seemed drowning their dividing bars.

And voices which the day ne'er hears,
And visions which the sun ne'er sees,
From earth and from the distant spheres.
Came on the moonlight and the breeze.

Thus day and night my spirit grew
In love with that which round me shone,
Until my calm heart fully knew
The joy it is to be alone.

The time went by—till one fair dawn
I saw against the eastern fires
A visionary city drawn,
With dusky lines of domes and spires.

The wind in sad and fitful spells
Flew o'er it from the gates of morn,
Till I could clearly hear the bells
That rung above a world forlorn.

And well I listened to their voice,
And deeply pondered what they said—
Till I arose—there was no choice—
I went while yet the east was red.

My wakened heart for utterance yearned—
The clamorous wind had broke the spell—
I needs must teach what I had learned
Within my simple woodland cell.

A GOOD LIFT:

—OR—

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAGNANIMOUS MERCHANT.

Boston Common is classical ground—and its thrilling history is not the only reason why foreigners as well as our fellow citizens make it a place of frequent resort. It is handsomely located, just where the lungs of the city ought to be, and it has been laid out with exquisite taste. The gravel walks—the green patches of sod—the umbragoons trees—the magnificent fountain—the variety of vale and hill—all contribute to make it the pleasantest promenade ground in this commonwealth, or country. Well, one May morning, while dilitarians and dyspeptics were out health-hunting, and domestics were drawing willow wagon loads of young patricians in pinafores over the smoothe paths, an incident occurred which ought not to be forgotten like a dream, nor confined merely to the memories of those who witnessed it.

As usual, here and there were groups of men engaged in carpets. Carpets are like mortols; they are first admired, then put down—then trodden upon—then beaten until their dust goes to dust. That bright and blessed morning, everything seemed to be full of instruction—even the trees were silent teachers, for their branches pointed upward to the land of living spirits, and their roots pointed downward to the world of dead bodies. On their boughs here and there might have seen deseated birds' nests, emblems of forsaken hearts. These castles in the air were filled with faded leaves. Life, beauty and the stirring voice of song had departed, as joy and hope quit the hearts, when the unrelenting winter of adversity sweeps away our promising prospects.

Among the busy, bustling multitude, moving like a living river through the common at the time of which I write, was a fair-haired boy, with dark, dreamy eyes and cherry cheeks. The poor boy was probably fourteen years of age. His patched garments were scrupulously clean—showing positive proof that he had a tidy mother at home, who spared neither soap nor Chochituate to keep clean the clothes of her brave and beautiful boy. Although he wore an old chip hat, his hair was brushed smoothe as the wing of a robin, and his complexion was so clear you might almost have seen the blood circulating through the delicately pencilled veins.

The boy was, evidently, industrious, for he was then staggering under a bundle of goods; which he was carrying to the Providence depot for some countryman who had made a purchase of a few articles for family use, and who had employed this young express-man to deliver them to the baggage-master. Being tired, he removed the bundle from his shoulder, and placed it carefully on a bench near a group of frollicking boys, who were amusing themselves by rolling marbles. When the lad had wiped the perspiration from his glowing face, he modestly and politely requested one of the boys to lend him a helping hand in raising the bundle from the bench to his shoulder. The boy to whom he spoke was the only son of one of the wealthies families in the Pilgrim city, and he spoke to him because he recognized him as a school-mate and class-mate.

At first the young patrician paid no attention whatever to the lad, but when he earnestly repeated his request, he said, sneeringly:

'I—I am engaged. Who was your waiter last year?'

'Just give me a lift; it will take but a moment.'

'Who are you?' replied the little aristocrat.

'I am James Conner.'

'Well, your father is a laboring man, let him help you.'

Just at that moment a Beacon street lady, plainly but richly dressed, approached like a good angel, and after folding her parasol, cheerfully assisted him, and then with a bouyant step, a light heart, and a pleasant face, went on her way rejoicing.

It is impossible to perform a good deed with a good design, without reaping a reward in this life even; and it often is a greater act of charity to aid a child with his bundle, than to make great donations to be trumpeted through the world. The act of purchasing an orange or a paper of a poor child, is, in the estimation of some great and good men, under certain circumstances, a deed of more consequence than contributing largely enough to endow a university. Good deeds, like good seeds, may be out of sight, and buried in the soil—but, as the gentle shower and the genial sun will quicken the latter to life, and cause them to rise in vernal loveliness and beauty, so will kind Providence bring out the disinterested and noble deeds of the great hearted, who love to do good.

A few months after the occurrence which I have stated, it was announced through the medium of the press, that there would be a public examination at one of the common schools, and the parents and other interested parties were most respectfully invited to attend.

A gold medal was to be given to the best scholar, a silver medal to the second best, and a handsome book to the third best. The teachers and the taught spared neither pains nor time to make the requisite preparations, so as to appear to the best advantage at the exhibition. The boys (some of them at all events) got up early and sat up late, so as to thoroughly master their lessons.

At the appointed time the largest room in the building was filled with scholars and spectators. Most critically and searchingly were the scholars examined in all the common branches,—and as usual, in Boston, there was no favoritism displayed in the examination.

It is worthy here to remark, that the principal competitors for the most valuable prize were two boys of nearly the same age and size, although dissimilar in every other respect. One was a patrician, the other was a plebeian—one was elegantly dressed in superfine cloth, decorated with shining buttons, the other wore garments that were patched and threadbare. One lived in a splendid mansion; that commanded a view of the Common—the other lived in a rickety old crow's-nest of a house in a dirty lane, in an obscure part of the city. The father of the former was a millionaire—the father of the latter was one of the million—One had had nothing to do but study his lessons—the other employed a portion of his time when out of school, in doing errands to earn something to help in supporting his brother and sisters.

After a severe, yet fair examination, the gold medal was awarded to the poor boy.

'Who is that lad?' inquired the Hon. George Burton, the father of the unsuccessful competitor for the prize.

'His name is James Conner, replied the teacher.

Conner, Conner? Why, that is an Irish name.'

'Yes, the boy's parents came from Ireland, but he was born in this country.'

'Well, I declare, he has the true grit in him.'

'Yes, indeed; he is punctual as a clock, and quite industrious; besides, he is blessed with extraordinary intelllectual powers.'

'What is his father's occupation, pray?'

'He carries a hod, sir, and I am sorry to imform you that he sometimes puts the bricks into his hat instead of putting them into his hod—but the boy's mother is a remarkable woman—she is an honest, hard-working, and tidy creature, and very anxious to give her son a good education.'

'That boy ought to go into one of our higher schools.'

'He could have gone there some time ago, but his parents were too poor to purchase the books and apparatus that he needed,' said the teacher.

The Hon. Mr. Burton tore a scrap from his memorandum, on which he wrote a check for fifty dollars.

'Give that to the boy's mother,' said the magnanimous merchant; 'and tell her to send her son to high school, and whenever funds are needed to defray the expenses of his education, tell her to call on me.'

CHAPTER II.

A MAGNIFICENT LADY.

'Why, ma, where have you been all the forenoon, pray?' inquired a sweet little rosebud of a girl ten or twelve years of age.

'I went to the common school, my dear child, to witness the examination, and when the exercises were concluded, I waited to speak a word of congratulation and encouragement to the lad whom obtained the gold medal.'

'Are you acquainted with him, ma.'

'No, daughter; but I saw him on the Common a few weeks ago, and helped him to raise a package of goods to his shoulder. You may remember, for I think I told you at the time, that proud little fellow who was playing on the path near by curled his lip with scorn, when the burden bearer asked him to assist in raising the bundle.'

'O, yes, I recollect the circumstance perfectly well.'

'These lads attend the same school, and are classmates, and were the principal competitors for the chief prize, and the handsome Irish boy won the prize.'

'I am glad he was so fortunate,' exclaimed the young beauty.

'It was indeed a singular coincidence, and the best of the story remains to be told. The father of the unsuccessful candidate for medal, and the golden honors, gave the winner of the prize a check for fifty dollars, to be expended in educating him, and a promise of more funds when needed.'

'It is nearly two o'clock; surely. the school did not remain in session so long?' observed the girl.

'No, Agnes; the meeting was dismissed at twelve, but I made a call, and was detained at the house I visited much longer than I expected to have been. I called to see poor Mrs. Brown, the widow woman, who calls here so frequently. I understood she was ill, and availed myself of that opportunity to render her some assistance.'

'Where does she live ma? Will you tell me all about your visit?'

'Mrs. Brown, you know, Agnes, has seen better days. The time was when her husband lived next door to us on Beacon street, but his ships foundered at sea, and his stores were burnt with fire. He became so immersed in debt, and his creditors were so clamorous, and his pride so mortified, his embarrassment put a speedy termination to his life. For a long time his amiable and accomplished widow struggled against the ever-advancing and never-retiring tide of poverty. In order to feed, and clothe, and educate her children, she sold every article of furniture she co'd possibly spare, and moved into a plain neat cottage, where she exercised the most rigid economy.

Her eldest daughter was but nine years of age at that time, yet the child was so thoughtful she urged her mother to allow her to take music-lessions. so that at some future day she might become a teacher of music herself. Sickness, and unforeseen misfortunes, have hovered like vultures over her path, from the time of her husband's death until now. She has grown poorer and poorer,—and but few of her former friends have manifested the least pity, or rendered the least assistance.—When I discoved her place of abode, my heart sank within me. She lived in a poor old house in an obscure court, surrounded by hives of human beings in rags and filth. A pale girl, perhaps ten or twelve years of age, answered the rap at the door, and in a very lady-like manner invited me to walk in.'

'Was it Mary, who used to play with me when I was a little child?'

'Yes, dear; she requested me to sit down, at the same time giving me a rickety chair, the creaking of which seemed to plead poverty. The floor of the house was clean as a platter—and the curtains at the windows white as snow. Where is your mother?' I inquired.

'Mother is sick-a-bed," was the reply.

'Is she dangerously ill?'

'I fear she is, for she has no desire to eat, and speaks with great difficulty. I sat up with her last nignt, and the night before, and this morning I called on the doctor, just around the corner, but he refused to come when I informed him we had no money. 'Step into the next room and see her,' continued the child; "for, although she is unwell, she will be pleased to see such a kind friend.'

'When I entered her humble apartment I saw the poor invalid upon the bed. She recognized me at a glance, and in feeble whispers thanked me for visiting her in her affliction. It was with the utmost difficulty she spoke, but she managed to make me understand that she was deeply indebted to one of her neighbors for many acts of kindnesss. She informed me that Mrs. Conner did her washing every week—called to see her every day, and frequently made up for her little delicacies to eat; and that this kind neighbor of hers was very poor, but invariably refused any consideration whatever for her unsolicited and untrumpeted deeds of charity. She furthermore stated that her noble son, James Conner, chopped, her fire-wood, shovelled her coal into the cellar, and performed other acts of kindness too numerous to mention.'

'What a good lad, I am pleased to think that rich man made him such a handsome present. I have no doubt he will become a distinguished man by and-by. I do think, ma, that poor people have as much feeling for each other as the rich for each other.'

'O, yes, my dear, very often they have more; for the wealth having all that heart can desire, or at least all that money can purchase, since they never suffer themselves, do not sympathize with those who do. I speak in general terms, there are exceptions. Some of our merchant princes here spend as much for the benefit of others, as they do for their own personal benefit. Not a few, like the magnanimous merchant, who made the donation to James Conner to-day, cheerfully avail themselves of opportunities to aid others; and they never fail to realize the golden promise vouchsafed to the cheerful giver.

CHAPTER III.

A MEETING IN THE STREET.

Nearly fourteen years after the occurrence of the events recorded in the foregoing chapters, a young man very coarsely clad was seen pushing a hand-cart through Tremont Street, when a careless teamster, who was staring stupidly at the panorama, of life moving before him, ran his ponderous wheels against the hand-cart, which was wrecked instantly.

'What shall I do?' exclaimed the owner of the hand-cart.

'What is the matter, my good man?' inquired a gentleman, who was walking on the pavement near by at the time of the accident.

'Why, sir, my cart is broken, and a costly mirror, which I was directed to take to Shawmut Avenue, is broken into a thousand pieces.'

'You have been unfortunate, and I for one, am willing to give you a lift,'

'You are very kind, sir.'

'What will it cost to repair the cart?'

'At least five dollars,' replied the porter.

'Here is a V,' said the gentleman.

'Thank you, sir. Your generosity will be appreciated during a lifetime.'

'It strikes me,' continued the generous gentleman, 'that your conversation gives evidence of educational advantages seldom possessed by men in your humble sphere of life.'

'You are right, sir. I have been liberally educated. My good father, who is now in his grave, spared neither pains nor expenses in his efforts to cultivate my mind.'

'Strange, indeed, that you do not pursue an occupation less laborious, and more profitable.'

'Mine has been an eventful life, sir.—Although I am a young man, I have exhausted a fortune left to me by my father. My old acquaintences, when they ascertained the real state of my pecuniary embarrassments, cruelly cut me in the street. When my cash and my credit were gone, I saw before me but two alternatives. I knew that I must work, or starve, so I concluded to turn over a new leaf—stop gambling, which has been the cause of my ruin, and begin life with a hand-cart, as my father did.'

'Pray, what is your name? I think I have seen you before.'

'I have assumed an alias, for obvious reasons.'

'Your voice and face forcibly remind me of one of my school companions,' remarked the gentleman.

'I do not wish to be recognized,' observed the porter.

'Do not deem me impertinent, when I ask if you did not attend the Common School, on H— Street, fourteen years ago?'

'I did,' was the reply.

'You attended Harvard College afterwards?'

'I did.'

'Your name is George Burton, son of the Hon. George Burton.'

'Say so in whispers, for I have forfeited all claims to the name. But, who are you pray?'

'I used to sit by your side in school.'

'So you did; and now I recollect you won the gold medal on that memorable day we were so roughly examined.'

'Your honorable father, blessed be his memory, helped me to obtain a classical education.'

'Often have I heard him speak of James Conner, but I have forgotten the fact that he assisted you. Are you a professional man?'

'No, I am a merchant, and if you will accept a situation in my establishment, I shall be most happy to give you a lift.'

'In the course of our conversation you have use the word lift twice, nnd each time I have been reminded of the fact, that when a boy at play on the Boston Common, not more than a stone's throw from this very spot, I once refused to lift a bundle to your shoulder; and I distinctly recollect how my cheeks crimsoned with shame when that amiable lady, Mrs. Curtis, gave you a helping hand.'

'Do you recollect that Mrs. Curtis had a daughter named Agnes?' inquired Mr. Conner.

'Yes, indeed, I recollect her quite well,' replied Mr. Burton, as he brushed a tear from his eye. 'I should like to see her once more, but I dare not look her in the face.'

'Well. just make up your mind to shun the society of such men as those who have fleeced you, and my word for it, there is a better future before you. I will pay for the mirror. Follow me to my house, and I will give you an introduction to Agnes. who happens to be my wife.'

They halted at a clothing ware-house long enough to procure a decent suit for the returning prodigal, and then directed their steps to a beautiful and substantial dwelling handsomely situated and tastefully furnished.

At the door they met Miss Mary Brown the only child of the sick widow, who died several years before. She made Mr. Conner's house her home until she became the happy wife of George Burton, who received such a lift from his schoolmate that he afterwards became a merchant prince himself.—*Flag of our Union.*

A Romantic Story.

A French paper relates that recently a young milk-woman of the envirous of La Baumette newly married, was carrying the produce of her work to the market of Bugers, when she found, on her way, a black cow fastened to a tree, and at a safe distance under another tree, lay a large bundle. Her curiosity was first attracted by the latter, which she found to contain a beautiful little haby girl, wrapped in fine linnen and warm flannels.—On further examination, she discovered a purse containing twenty-five golden Napoleons, and an anonymous letter intimating that the mother of the child was driven by powerful considerations to part with it for several years, that the $5,000 francis were for the person who would humanly supply her place, and the black cow was to afford the child milk; adding that the foster mother should every year receive an ample sum for the maintanance and education of the child, until circumstances permitted its natural parent to resume the charge. The young milk-woman accepted the trust thus reposed in her, and instead of proceeding to the market, hastened home with the young founding, the cow, the purse and the letter.

Touching Delicacy.

There were many little occurrences which suggested to me, with great consolatoin, how natural it is to gentle hearts to be considerate and delicate toward any inferioity. One of these particularly touched me. I happened to stroll into the little church when a marriage was just concluded, and the young couple had to sign the register.

The bridegroom, to whom the pen was handed first, made a rude cross for his mark; the bride, who came next, did the same.

Now, I had known the bride when I was last there, not only as the prettiest girl in the place, but as having quite distinguished herself in the school; and I could not help looking at her with some surprise.—She came aside and whispered to me, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her bright eye:

"He's a dear, good fellow, Miss; but can't write yet; he's going to learn of me—and I wouldn't shame him for the world!'

Why, what had I to fear, I thought, when there was this nobility in the sole of a laboring man's daughter.

Love and Romance.

We publish a few days ago, says the New Orleans Crescent, a short sketch with the above title. It gave the details of a romantic elopement and marriage, the parties being a lady and gentlemen from Texas.

A day or two after the happy pair had tied the knot hymenial, the brother of the young lady arrived in this city from Texas and for the first time heard of the event. He immediately went to the St. Charles Hotel, where the young lady was stopping in company with Mrs. H. and her daughter, both from the same State, in whose charge the bride had been placed on her department from home. Meeting Mrs. H. in the parlor of the Hotel, he upbraided her with having lent her countenance to the secret marriage of his sister applying to her some very harsh epithets not set down in the code of etiquette. This aroused the ire of Miss H. a young and blooming virgin of seventeen summers, who immediately approached the irate brother, and shaking against his face her white and tiny fist, "wished she was a man or even had a weapon that she might kill him for his impertinence."

Nothing daunted by her threatening attitude the irritated brother of the bride drew from his bosom a bowie knife, and handing it to the juvenile Xantippe, said, "Take this, Miss. and let me see if you are a lady of your word." With all the fire of a demon the young lady grasped the shining blade, and drawing it back with a movement as if to plunge it into his breast, was about to deal the fatal blow, when she was prevented by a gentleman visitor who grasped her arm.

We mention this merely as an instance of "true grit" on both sides, and as a tale of reality, setting off a very pretty specimen of the romantic.

There have been six executions in this city this year already; and eleven men are now in prison accused of capital offences.

Of what is the Old Man Thinking!

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY.

Of what is the old man thinking?
As he leans on his oaken staff;
From the May day pastime shrinking,
He shares not the merry laugh.
But the tears of the old man flow,
As he looks on the young and gay:
And his gray head moving slow
Keeps time to the air they play.
The elder around are drinking,
But not one cup will he quaff;
Oh, of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff.

'T is not with a vain repining
That the old man sheds a tear;
'T is not for his strength declining,
He sighs not to linger here.
There's a spell in the air they play,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
For it calls up a past May-day,
And the dear friends lost to him.
From the scene before him shrinking—
From the dance and the merry laugh;
Of their calm repose he is thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff.

Fight with a Shark,

The Charleston (S. C.) Courier the Other day contained an account of a spotted shark, killed in that harbor, which, after being landed, was delivered of twenty-two young ones, and after she was cut open, was found to contain twenty-one more. The following are the particulars of the capture:

Some of the men were bathing when a large shark appeared and sprung forward directly towards them. A person from the ship called out to warn them of their danger; on which they all immediately swam to the vessel and arrived in safety, except one poor fellow who was cut in two by the shark almost in reach of our oars. A comrade and most intimate friend of the unfortunate victim, when he observed the severed trunk of his companion, was seized with a degree of horror that words cannot describe. The insatiable shark was seen traversing the bloody surface in search of the remainder of his prey, when the brave youth plunged into the water, determined either to mark disgorge, or be buried in the same grave. He held in his hand a long and sharp-pointed knife, and the rapacious animal pushed furiously towards him; she had turned on her side and opened her enormous jaws, in order to seize him, when the youth diving dexterously under her, seized her with his left hand somewhere near the upper fins, and stabbed her several times in the belly.

The shark, enraged with pain and streaming with blood, plunged in all directions, in order to disengage herself, from her enemy. The crews of the surrounding the vessels saw that the combat was decided; but they were ignorant which was slain, still the shark, weakened by the loss of blood, made toward the shore, and along with her conquerer; who, flushed with victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardor, and with the aid of the tide dragged her on shore. Here he ripped up the bowels of the animal, obtained the remainder of his friend's body, and buried it with the trunk in the same grave.

Abolition Fanaticism.

Some of the ultra Abolitionists of the North, finding that their political and moral agitation on the subject of Slavery for the last twenty years has been barren of results, now go in for another method of attacking that institution, by ceasing to use the products of slave labor, such as cotton goods and sugar and rice, articles that are almost indispensible to every person in the country. This is a very harmeless fanaticism, as the individuals who are guilty of it only inflicts a punishment upon themselves, and do no harm to any body else—as a few hundred monomaniacs refusing to taste of sugar or wear cotton shirts is not very likely to bring a general ruin upon the producers of those articles. We were much amused recently in reading, in that organ of the isms, the New York Tribune, an article from a correspondent upon this subject, in which he anxiously inquires of the editor whether the Free Produce Association have turned their attention to flax as a substitute for cotton, and whether beet sugar can not be produced.

He says that the sugar, which is the production of slave labor, "sticks in his throat, and tastes of blood," and that it is his opinion no right minded person can read the Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin without affecting his taste for sugar very materially. He calls upon the matter particularly, and give the result of their investigations to the public. The editor of the *Tribune* thinks that the beet sugar manfacture is a practical idea, but as to flax and linen, more cry than wool has attended the recollected that Mrs. Stowe and her husband, in Great Britain, have very assidiously endeavored to impress upon the people there that they must not buy American Cotton, on account of the support they thus give to slavery. It is astonishing to see the extravagance which an indulgence in this one idea of abolition will lead some otherwise sensible people, and what remarkably foolish things they will say and do after they have given themselves up to its influence. Nearly all the advocates of the ridiculous isms of the day, are ultra abolitionists who, having become crazy upon that subject, embrace with avidity all the strange notions and mental absurdities in which the age has been so prolific.—*Enq.*

☞ Convenience is the best rule of etiquette.

From the San Francisco Herald.

Important from China, if True---Great Battles at the Gates of Nanking---20,000 Rebels reported killed--One Mile of Houses Blown up at Nanking--Proclamations of the Rebel King and the Emperor, &c.

The Hong Kong Gazette publishes a letter from Soochow, said to have been communicated by a high Imperial officer named Tsow-minghow, and dated on the 3th day of the 2d moon, (March 13th,) which contains the following highly important statements. The Gazette, however, does not vouch for the truth of them:

"The salt smugglers and local banditti at Nanking having created a disturbance, some rascals inside the city availed themselves of the opportunity to set fire to the powder magazine, which resulted in the destruction of so street of houses about a mile in length. The alarm consequent thereon was a great that the whole city had nearly been taken, when luckily the Tartar General, Fuh-choo.long-a, and the Treasurer of the Province Le-suh-tsau, brought up some troups to the rescue, and succeeded in putting out the fire.—They had afterwards a fight with the banditti, in which they killed seven or eight hundred and dispersed the remainder, by which means the riot was quelled. Having shut the gates, a strict inquiry was made after the rioters, when sixty or seventy men were apprehended and put to death. The shutting of the city gates was merely with a view to discover the conspirators, and not because of the anticipated attack of the rebels.

"On the 31st and 22d of the 1st moon, (February 23th and March 1st,) the Generals Chow-t-heentscon and Heang-yung had a battle with the rebels at T'haeping. (Situated on the banks of the Yung-tskeag, about 40 miles S.S.W. of Nanking.) The fighting lasted from 6 o'clock in the morning of the 21d, to 10 o'clock in the morning of the 23d, when the Imperiallists sustained a considerable defeat, losing three or four thousand men and twenty-seven officers from the rank of General downwards. Just in the nick of time, however, a famous Peking General named Chin-kin-show, who had formerly been under command of Yang-yu-chum, and was recently appointed Imperial Commissioner, at the head of 4,000 Tartar troops frest for the conflict, came into the field. and turned the defeat into a victory, killing upwards of 9,000 of the rebels, and wounding two commanders of their advanced guard, one named Chin and the other Le.

"On the 25th and 26th of the 1st moon (March the 4th and 5th,) Seu-kwang-tam at the head of 5,000 Canton volunteers and 2,000 Hoo-kawang soldiers, in conjunction with the Imperial Commissioner from Honan, Ke-shen, at the head of 300 Tartar troops, had another engagement with the enemy and killed upwards of 10,000 of them. It is said also that Hung-sew-tsnen, the rebel chief, was wounded and fled, but was afterwards taken and beheaded."

Another letter contains the following:

"On the 11th day of the 2d moon, (March 20,) the Provincial Treasurer received a report from Nanking, that Keshen Heang-yung, and Snukwangtsin had made a united attack on the rebels at Guan-k'hing, when they obtained a victory; the rebels retreated in a northwesterly direction, leaving their boats and baggage in the hands of the Imperialists. Thus Nanking is for the present preserved."

From the China Mail April 7.

A decree dated Peking, the 12th of March, was received at Shanghae by the Taoute in which the Emperor says that according to the latest accounts received by him from the south, the rebel fleet and forces had arrived at Nanking and Chinkeand Fu. He had therefore put in motion the grand army for their extermination; and seeing that the whole baggage of the rebel force was on board the boats he commands the officials throughout the country to issue proclamations, informing the people that whosoever can seize the rebel fleet shall have the whole of what they take, with the exception of powder and military stores, which must be handed over to the Government.—Farther, if any persons burn any of the rebel fleet, and capture and kill any of the long-haired chiefs, on reporting the same, they shall be handsomely rewarded.

Paying Like a Sinner.—Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern-keepers to charge the ministers and thing for lodging and refreshments, a preacher presumingly stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night, and in the morning entered the stage without offering to pay for his accommodations. The landlord soon came running up to the stage, and said, "there was some one who had not settled his bill." The passengers all said they had but the preacher, who said he understood that he never charged ministers any thing.

"What, you a minister of the Gospel—a man of God!" cried the inn-keeper; "you came to my house last night and sat down to the table without a blessing; I lit you up to your room, and you went to bed without praying to your Maker; (for I stood there until you retired:) you rose and washed without praying, ate your breakfast without saying grace, and as you came to my house like a sinner, and ate and drank like a sinner, you have got to pay like a sinner!"